

Maine Farmer

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

Vol. LXI.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1893.

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

No. 41.

Maine Farmer.

The Androscoggin County Society opens the annual round of exhibitions at Livermore Falls on Tuesday next, the 23d, to continue three days. A lively interest is taken in these exhibitions by the stockmen of the county.

The dairymen of Sweden are not disposed to stop with their development of methods and practices in butter making. A delegation of Swedish farmers lately visited the island of Jersey and selected two hundred cows to take home to their farms.

"Not one-tenth the apples this year that I had last year," is the statement of A. W. Tinkham, one of Monmouth's largest fruit growers. "Not a quarter of the crop of last year," is the judgment of A. C. Carr of Winthrop, a man who knows as much of the apple crop as any man in the State. "Yet," says he, "there will be more apples at harvest than people generally now estimate."

There is no question but our present system of education tends to degrade labor and divert the attention of the rising generation from the industries. This is all wrong and it is quite time to call a halt. There are, however, great obstacles in the way. Leading educators are subservient to the will of the people, and so long as parents are seeking to place their children above labor, the educational system runs easier in the old groove.

The New England Agricultural Society has an excellent programme laid out for its annual fair at Worcester, Sept. 25th to 30th. This society always draws together an exhibition of high merit throughout, which of itself alone is of sufficient interest to command wide and general attention. In addition, special attractions have been arranged to give variety to the occasion and keep the visitors interested. On Women's Day several women noted as platform speakers will address the crowd. On Governor's Day different New England governors and other gentlemen distinguished in political circles will give brief addresses. Grange Day will be made interesting by the presence of distinguished members of the order who will speak on the work of the Grange. Some people have been inclined to make light of such innovations on the stereotyped order of exercises at exhibitions of the kind. But introduced as pleasing diversions only, if you please, we see no reason why they are not quite as appropriate as the over-present horse race, and on the claim that it takes a variety to please and to interest all, we endorse the action of this society in the introduction of instructive intellectual exercises on its programme.

SHOULD A FARMER GROW STRAWBERRIES.

To what extent a general farmer should engage in commercial horticulture is a question calling for thoughtful consideration. In traveling across the country just after the haying was completed we passed a farm where the owner and his boys were hard at work hoeing out an acre field of strawberries. The farm is a large one, and the exacting and driving work of a big hay harvest was just completed only for the farmer and his boys to jump at once into the harder work of hoeing out the strawberry field. This hoeing had been too long neglected, on account of the haying, the weeds had got the advantage and had overrun the field, and it was a costly and a laborious labor to again clean it.

As we rode along we fell to studying the problem of small fruit growing for the broad-acre farmer, and naturally enough it brought up some experience of our own, years ago, in an effort to get some money out of a side crop. As the boys say, "we have been there," and we can draw conclusions from personal experience.

This farmer had all the work he and his help could well handle without the strawberry field. When the strawberry field called for attention he was haying, and could not leave it to attend to other work without great loss. Of two important matters calling for his help at the same time one must be neglected. In this case it was the strawberries. If it had been the haying the result would have been disastrous, but in another direction. As it was the strawberry plants became filled with weeds, and as a consequence costing twice or thrice as much to clean them as it need if the work could have been on time. But this was not all. The plants were set back in their growth by the weeds, and by the necessarily too rough usage in the removal of so thick a mass and can never make up the loss. The final crop of berries will be less on account of this work not being done in season.

Again, and of quite as much importance, this man and his boys had been dragged down and well tired out by the four weeks of active work in the hay field. That work over they needed, and should have had at least a temporary relief from so hard and confining labors. They ought to have taken a few days off for a change and for relief from grinding

labor. Or if not that, then a change to some light, pleasant duties that would have given a partial rest and been the next best thing. Life on the farm should not be, (need not be,) dragged down to perpetual drudgery.

Next year when the crop of fruit comes along it must be attended to on time. Then the hay will be the crop to suffer loss while the berries are being picked and marketed, and following will be enacted over again the same drive of work, the same prolonged labor that cannot be omitted and the same resulting drudgery, to the life on that farm. Some ready money can be obtained for the crop, but does it pay?

Strawberries may well be grown on every farm, great or small, for home use. But there is not room for the crop on a commercial scale on a broad Maine stock farm. Either the labor involved is too exacting, or the neglects incurred too expensive. On small farms with their other limited work the case is entirely different. Hence we claim the place for the strawberry crop is in horticulture and not with general stock farming.

Besides, the money part of this problem is not so largely with the strawberries as many suppose. True, under good culture a large amount of money can generally be realized from a small area of land. Still we claim that with like intelligent application as much money can be realized from a given amount of manure and of labor, in a round of years, if directed to common farming as could be obtained from the strawberry crop. In the latter case the work and the manure are confined to a narrow area of land and do but little towards preparing the farm at large for subsequent crops. If applied to the production of corn, grain and hay, much more land is renovated and the series of resulting crops are of more account to the farmer.

Thus examine the question as we may there is no evidence that strawberry culture is a more profitable business than broader farming when alike intelligence is applied to both. This being the case there is no good reason why a broad farmer should overburden himself, his help and his business with a crop for which there is no room. In intelligent farming there is a system of crops, an order of work, of a kind to correspond with the farm. Small fruit culture belongs with the small land holder where there is no other key to success than that which opens the way for large money returns from small areas of land.

BUTTER AND CHEESE AT STATE FAIR.

The State society offers a liberal schedule of premiums for exhibits of butter and cheese at their coming fair, and furnishes all needed facilities for showing it in good order. Very creditable collections have been drawn together at previous fairs, though nothing like so many as would be desirable. We now have between forty and fifty butter factories in the State, yet only three or four of them have ever been represented at these exhibitions. This is not as it should be. There is not a factory among them but ought to be on the alert to make the best possible practice. In order to make progress in this direction, it is necessary to compare results with others. These fairs afford the opportunity to do it. We would like to see sample products from every factory in the State brought together at the show. This would give the makers a chance to learn how their make would grade when in good company. Exhibitors should go to the fair to learn, rather than to take prizes. If one is making a product that is not worthy of a prize, it ought to do him good to go to an exhibition and find it out.

Just so with the cheese maker, and the private butter maker, as well. It is hoped, therefore, that for the benefit of the exhibition and the makers of the product, there may be a much larger representative exhibit of products of the dairy than has ever before been brought together in the State.

THE DROUGHT.

The drought now prevailing over nearly the entire State, to which the *Farmer* made reference two weeks ago, still continues, and has now, August 15, reached a severity unprecedented in the crop growing season for many years. While there has been light local showers over limited sections which have afforded a temporary relief, yet there are wide sections where scarcely an inch of rain has fallen for the summer. The situation is now calamitous in the extreme and growing worse every day with no signs of relief. Acres on acres of grain, corn and potatoes are already ruined beyond recovery. Much more will share the same fate in a very few days unless the rain to save it comes at once. Never before in our long experience have growing crops on our own farm been so injured. Pastures are naked of feed, fields are brown and bare like winter, wells and springs are failing and streams are drying up. Much stock is now being fed at the barns for want of the usual pasture supply. The grain now being harvested is of light growth and still lighter in quality. Stock at pasture fails to fatten, while the milk supply is sadly short. This condition is a serious drawback to farmers.

THE SUPREME COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA ON OLEOMARGARINE.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* gives the synopsis of an important decision made by the Supreme Court of that State, involving the question of "original package" sale in connection with oleomargarine. Judge Reed of that State held that a manufacturer residing outside the limits of that State could put up oleomargarine in rolls, pails or tubs, and sell the same at retail through local merchants as agents, provided the roll or pail or tub was not divided.

The Supreme Court reverses that decision and thus refuses to give sanction to such a nullification of the law. Every member of the court agrees in the ruling. In their decision they say:

"The general government protects the citizens of the several States in the movement of their commodities across State lines for the purpose of commerce. The State regulates the retail trade conducted within its own borders and forbids the sale of such articles to its citizens as it finds to be injurious to them. We are asked in this case to go a step further and hold that any package which a manufacturer may choose to put up and send himself as a merchant or to a consumer, is necessarily an original package, because it was put up by a manufacturer outside of the State. We cannot so hold."

On the nature of the traffic they have this to say:

"The profits to be derived from an unlawful traffic are much larger than those which flow from legitimate trade, provided the unlawful traffic may be pursued without serious interference from the officers of the law."

When such men deliberately determine to put money in their pockets by engaging in a business which the State has declared to be injurious to the public morals, the public health or the peace and has therefore forbidden altogether or placed under strict police regulations, they are morally certain to seek immunity for themselves and the unlawful business by immediate flight to the sanctuary of the national Constitution and there laying hold on the horns of the altar of interstate commerce.

Beginning with the peripatetic swindlers, whose worthless wares are transported in tin trunks which they carry in their hands, and who hunt their victims in the secluded villages and along country roads, and running down the scale of law-breakers to the men whose commercial operations extend to the sale of oleomargarine by the pound, and of intoxicating drinks by the pint, there is no man in the procession who is not a conscious and deliberate law breaker, and who does not set his possible profits from a forbidden business above his duty to the State that protects him."

STATE POMOLOGICAL EXHIBITION.

Fruit growers will bear in mind that the annual autumn fruit and flower exhibition of the State Pomological Society is to be held as usual in connection with the State Fair at Lewiston, Sept. 25th to 30th. The date is early for the showing of much of the Maine fruits, but growers will bear in mind that this is the best arrangement that can be made this year, and govern their actions accordingly. While there is never so much satisfaction in showing green fruit, yet no one should hold back at that account. So, too, the fruit crop is light, but there is always fruit enough for specimens if growers will but bring them out.

The floral department of the exhibition has increased in importance from year to year, and has formed an attractive feature of the hall. This early date will be favorable to this class of exhibits. With the many amateur cultivators now in the State this department should be better than ever.

The exhibitions of this society are a model in the method and order of their arrangement, as well as in the systematic manner in which their work is carried on, and they afford an object lesson which county and local societies may well profit by. Every class should be well filled.

DAIRY LECTURES AT WORLD'S FAIR.

Fair managers should after awhile learn that people go to great exhibitions to see, rather than to listen. They are there for sight-seeing. Whatever of knowledge is to be gained will come through object lessons, rather than lectures, statistics or minute details. Hence the series of "World's Congresses" arranged for, with the expectation that an illustration of brain power would attract admiring thousands, are reported a dead failure. So all educational or other exhibits, however elaborate in detail are, on this great occasion, as has always before been the case, passed by without attention, unless there is an attractive object lesson to take the eye and invite the attention. Here is an important lesson to all fair managers, and to all exhibitors at fairs, whether great or humble.

The *Creamery and Dairy*, Iowa, thus refers to the failure of the attempt at oral instruction in connection with the dairy at the World's Fair, and draws sound conclusions therefrom:

There is a roomy building on the World's Fair grounds, provided with seats. It is designed for dairy instruction. Many dairy writers felt that it would be too small to accommodate the thousands who would gather there to see the latest machines work, and to hear lectures from the eminent men of the world. Dairying is a fine art. It is a progressive business. It goes deep down into science, and reaches up to the most skillful practices. A grand national

school for the advancement of this new industry (for modern dairying is new) was felt to be an imperative need.

The building is there, but it stands empty. Lectures will not hold sight-seers. We do not know that any have been attempted in the building. It would be useless to try. The fair-goer rushes around promiscuously as long as his legs will stand it. While hurriedly scudding through the aisles he can't hear lectures. When tired out he is too far away from where the lectures are to be, and even if he were there he is in no mood to listen. A visit to the fair shows that people are short of the time required to see what is there, and they do not get into that reflective mood necessary to receive instruction in the lecture form. Dairying is not a success at the World's Fair. It is something the managers do not know how to manage.

BREEDING AND CARE OF JERSEY CATTLE.

Abstract of an Address Before the Students of the Ohio School of Agriculture.

(By J. B. Peasley, Secretary of the Ohio Jersey Cattle Breeders' Association.)

Manner of Breeding.—It is always best to select some type or quality and breed for it. The quality usually sought in breeding Jerseys is to perpetuate some animal of phenomenal performance. Our inquiry here will then be, how can a desired type or quality be perpetuated? I am fully aware that I am entering upon disputed ground. The best method to preserve the desired quality in a dairy animal is, in my judgment, in-and-in breeding and line breeding, and I think the collated experience of breeders in general will bear me out. Successful in-and-in breeding depends largely upon the soundness and uniform qualities of animals so coupled. If these animals have defects they will be intensified in the progeny. But where we have an animal possessing to an eminent degree the quality we desire in our herd, we can produce this quality by close inbreeding so long as the descendants are robust and strong, but no further. Where in-and-in breeding has been practiced there are always animals related having the same qualities which can be coupled with those in-and-in bred and thus avoid defects. This is line breeding, and to my it is preferred to close inbreeding. It is by inbreeding that all types and families have been established. And it is by inbreeding and line breeding that these types are maintained. In animals inclined to obesity I think the practice of very close inbreeding would prove disastrous. In the case of the Jersey we are not troubled with obesity by inbreeding and line breeding. It can readily be seen that to secure a type we establish it by line breeding and again returning to close inbreeding. A careful student in this department, on examination, will find a large percentage of our great performers to be inbred or sired by inbred bulls. Among the considerations to be taken into account when selecting a bull are the following, and "if you can not find one that suits you, have one bred to order."

Disposition.—The disposition of the bull in most cases has been made and not inherited. His temper should be even and he should show kindness. To handle the bull properly it should be commenced in calfhood. He should be handled firmly but always kindly. He can be led and coaxed but seldom driven. Never arouse his combative nature, nor speak in any but a kind tone to him.

Control him but do not let him know it. Never caress him; never trust to his good disposition; never allow him to get the least advantage; never handle him if you fear him. You may suppose that he is not aware of your fear. You are mistaken. Never quarrel with him nor beat him. Make him know his place and keep it. I do not mean to be understood that should be refractory he is not to be punished; he must be controlled. As far as possible avoid changing grooms. Give him daily exercise of some kind. Regarding the feed of the bull it should always be sufficient to keep it in good healthy condition but never fat. If he should incline to take on too much of flesh, lessen his grain ration, which in no case should be large. It has sometimes occurred that grain can be withdrawn almost entirely for months. The grain should be corn, oats, wheat, bran and rye meal in about equal proportions. Roots and corn ensilage for a change where they can be procured. Keep him groomed as you would a race horse. Always water frequently and not in large quantities. If he has access to water constantly there is no danger, but many bulls have been ruined by drinking excessively.

In conclusion, on breeding or selecting a bull, look well to him as an individual and to his ancestors. His dam first must be capable of making a large quantity of butter on fair feeding. Let the animals in his pedigree be both performing and producing animals. Let his sire be the sire of tested cows. Without the exercise of this oversight, barring a miracle, you will be doomed to disappointment. The inevitable law that like produces like must mainly govern the breeder in the selection of his breeding animals. The next thing is culling. This can not be overlooked. Remove from the herd all inferior animals.

Feed.—The natural food of the calf is the milk of the dam. This it should have pure at first, with an increase of skim milk, gradually increased for two months, when it can be fed skim milk with a ground grain mixture made into gruel and warmed to blood-heat winter or summer, until it is six months old, when all milk should be taken away. The calf should have access to good clover hay from the first. Its feed from this time should be such as will maintain thrifty growth and not tend to fat; it would be a great mistake to fatten any animal produced for dairy purposes. The power to consume, digest and assimilate nutritious food is what is desired of the cow at maturity. In order to accomplish this the calf should be fed such food as would task the digestive organs enough to secure a strong digestive apparatus. Coarse food and plenty of it with a small grain ration should constitute its diet. In this manner it should be kept until it is about fifteen months old, when, if a heifer, it may be bred. This gives the heifer sufficient time for growth before coming to duty in the dairy. When the young cow has dropped her calf and recovered her normal condition, richer foods should be given her. These should be increased very gradually for at least three months, when the quantity that she can digest and assimilate safely should be reached. Always resort to more or less change of diet. No animal needs more than the cow giving milk. Change of food is necessary for the health of the cow. No animal can be kept in good condition without this change of food.

The feeding of the cow will largely depend on what she is kept for; if for stock, she will not need so much nor so rich a food as though kept for the dairy alone. No one must expect rules for feeding as much depends upon the animal. The milk cow and the growing heifer must be fed a ration suitable for the requirements of each. The cow must have that proportion of protein, carbohydrates and fat suited to the high productivity of milk and butter and the proper development of the fetal calf. There is no place where experience is more needed than in feeding. It is true that while many know the great importance in regularity in feeding, it is seldom practiced.

The shelter provided at all times should be ample, convenient and suited to the stock. Warm, dry stables are indispensable. They should also be well lighted and properly ventilated, as these promote health.

Allow me to say in conclusion that the "Little Queen" has actually won her way to eminence. She stands to-day without a peer as a producer of butter on moderate rations. Future laurels will deck her crown when the result of our great butter test of 1893 becomes known.

skim milk, gradually increased for two months, when it can be fed skim milk with a ground grain mixture made into gruel and warmed to blood-heat winter or summer, until it is six months old, when all milk should be taken away. The calf should have access to good clover hay from the first. Its feed from this time should be such as will maintain thrifty growth and not tend to fat; it would be a great mistake to fatten any animal produced for dairy purposes. The power to consume, digest and assimilate nutritious food is what is desired of the cow at maturity. In order to accomplish this the calf should be fed such food as would task the digestive organs enough to secure a strong digestive apparatus. Coarse food and plenty of it with a small grain ration should constitute its diet. In this manner it should be kept until it is about fifteen months old, when, if a heifer, it may be bred. This gives the heifer sufficient time for growth before coming to duty in the dairy. When the young cow has dropped her calf and recovered her normal condition, richer foods should be given her. These should be increased very gradually for at least three months, when the quantity that she can digest and assimilate safely should be reached. Always resort to more or less change of diet. No animal needs more than the cow giving milk. Change of food is necessary for the health of the cow. No animal can be kept in good condition without this change of food.

The feeding of the cow will largely depend on what she is kept for; if for stock, she will not need so much nor so rich a food as though kept for the dairy alone. No one must expect rules for feeding as much depends upon the animal. The milk cow and the growing heifer must be fed a ration suitable for the requirements of each. The cow must have that proportion of protein, carbohydrates and fat suited to the high productivity of milk and butter and the proper development of the fetal calf. There is no place where experience is more needed than in feeding. It is true that while many know the great importance in regularity in feeding, it is seldom practiced.

The shelter provided at all times should be ample, convenient and suited to the stock. Warm, dry stables are indispensable. They should also be well lighted and properly ventilated, as these promote health.

Allow me to say in conclusion that the "Little Queen" has actually won her way to eminence. She stands to-day without a peer as a producer of butter on moderate rations. Future laurels will deck her crown when the result of our great butter test of 1893 becomes known.

FOOD FOR ALL SEASONS.

—It is already clearly apparent that the potato crop of '93 will be very short.

—"I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house.

"What's wrong with it, mum?"

"It's dreadfully thin and there's no cream on it."

"After you've lived in the city awhile, mum," said the milkman, encouragingly, "you'll git over them rural ideas o' yours."

—Jas. Cheesman, an authority that can scarcely be questioned, in a recent article on aerations says that in butter-making the absorption of air by the cream is a feature which every buttermaker appreciates. The saturation of cream with pure air greatly facilitates churning and gives a finer granulation.

—Dr. H. J. Nathorst, the Swedish scientist, differs from some American authorities by claiming that the amount of butter fat in milk is affected by the quality of the food. He says: "The varying fat contained in the milk from different cows is partly due to the feed, only experienced persons will say anything to the contrary, and partly to the quality. Watery foods, and such as are poor in protein, make thin milk, while short, nutritious pasture makes milk rich in fat."

—The *Mirror and Farmer* asks: "How is it that if farmers neglect all business principles in the management of their affairs, let everything go at random and trust to chance, as they are continually accused of doing, that there are so few absolute failures among them, and that a large per cent. of the failures that do occur are among men who get their money to start with in some other way, and went to farming with the idea that it was a simple recreation? Farming is not only a business, but it is a science; and yet that term does not cover the ground, for there is no other occupation that calls for a knowledge and use of so many sciences, and all combined with and depending on the application of business principles; and people who criticize farmers most are those who have least conception of the knowledge and skill required, and points on which the most fault is found are often those technical questions on which there is honest difference of opinion among the best farmers, and on which experience has shown that one method may be right in some cases and wrong in others."

HAYFIELD THOUGHTS.

It is passing strange that a class of farmers at the present day cannot be proud of any one of their number who has the character and ability to take a leading position in public affairs. But to their shame and everlasting disgrace it must be said that such a class exists to-day. Narrow minded and selfish in the extreme they do not want to see any farmer get above the low level of their dwarfed and unhappy existence, and any farmer of ability who honors himself and his calling by getting above this low water mark is sure to incur their displeasure at once and is set down as a "stuck up fellow" who must be put down at the next election. If the doctor or the lawyer or the merchant ride by in good shape it is all right. But no farmer or his family must presume to appear in any such style.

It is all right for the lawyer or other professional men to charge from six to ten dollars per day for their public services, but if the farmer is paid more than one dollar and half per day for the same service he is accused of getting rich at public expense and retired from office as soon as possible.

It is true that this class of jealous, narrow-minded farmers is not a large one, but it is often large enough to hold the balance of power and give the control of town, county or State matters into the hands of the professional politicians whose only care for the public is to see that all the good plums are dropped into their laps.

If all farmers would trustworthy representatives of their own number a wholesome change in public affairs in many sections would be seen.—A. Messer, Vermont State Grange.

Agricultural Colleges.

If the farmers of this country, during the past 25 years, had been content to follow in the ruts of former generations, and had not imbibed any of the progressive spirit which has been manifested in every department of human life and activity in our broad land; if they had been content to receive the shadow for the substance in educational lines, there would have been no controversy over agricultural colleges and the munificent donations of the general and State governments would all have been used to support classical institutions which in their curriculum entirely ignore the practical duties of life and teach their students that a professional life only is ennobling and elevating.

But somehow a large number of people in this country and thinking people on the continent of Europe as well, do not believe that the mere training and disciplining of the mind is the highest and best type of an education for their children in this intensely practical and progressive age, even were it possible to give them such training.—A. Messer.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.
MAIN STATE FAIR AND ITS LESSONS.
BY S. ROBINSON.

As the time approaches for this annual gathering of the farmers and the people generally, an important query suggests itself to the candid thinking mind. How shall we profit by it and make its interests our interests? First, decide at once to attend, and take the family along with you. No intelligent man that can possibly attend should neglect to do so. It will certainly pay. It is a grand place to study character, human ingenuity, farm and home improvements and adornments, as well as mental and sacred endowments. No other event offers at such low cost such opportunities for gaining new ideas in farm life and farm prosperity. It is not as some old pessimist says, "all loss and trouble." There is plenty to be seen and heard that is entertaining and useful aside from the races. It is worth the price of daily admission to behold the improved implements of husbandry. Contrast the farm tools of fifty years ago with the machinery of to-day. Interview that old farmer with the fat, sleek looking steers and find out how he fed and cared for them. Ask the smiling old fellow beside the big squashes and turnips how he treated his ground for such a yield. Ask another practiced tiller of the soil, (who is not an agent,) what is the best harrow for your tough sod land, or the best mow or rake for your rocky fields. These rough, hard-handed, plainly dressed old fellows will tell you the plain truth every time, while the various interested agents of farm implements will tell you every time that *ours* is the best. That is natural, and to be expected. Carefully look over the hall exhibit and see if there isn't ample evidence that farming can be made to pay. Have your eyes and ears open, and start in with the idea not only to be entertained, but to be benefited. Here you can also meet old friends whom you have not seen for years. We have attended many fairs, and always returned well satisfied with the trip. The coming fair promises to be one of the best ever held. With very low railroad fares, and a well filled lunch basket, the expense will never be felt, and you will be better fitted to

resume the daily duties. The *Maine Farmer* as an individual, or as the farmers' paper, will both be there to extend a cordial welcome.

East Sumner, Aug. 14.

For the Maine Farmer.
GUERNSEY COWS.

Mr. Editor: You are just right when you say "the scoring of the butter at the World's Fair, seems to be a matter to provoke laughter."

This is true, and what the *Breeder's Gazette* calls the screaming farce of the season."

While you express more confidence in the judges who are now scoring the butter at the dairy barns, and no doubt they are exact and careful, yet as a breeder of Guernseys, and interested in the trial going on. Look at the column of color, 10, 10, 10! Do you or will anyone call this any thing but a farce? It is not a test of the cow, as it should have been, but only a test of the man or men who put in the coloring matter. The record may be as correct as the judgment of the Committee can decide, except as to color.

You will notice how the Guernsey has had the advantage of the Jersey in the flavor all the time. Now if the color for which the Guernsey is noted, had been properly marked according to what the cow gave naturally, the Guernsey would have held her place, as the equal, if not superior butter cow, and on account of her larger size prove herself the better farmer's cow.

THE GUERNSEY.
For the Maine Farmer.
DESERTED FARMS.

Mr. Editor: I notice in a recent issue of the *Farmer* mention of "deserted farms" in good old Maine, and I wish to ask why there are such farms? Why are they deserted? Don't the owners care to sell or rent them at a fair price, or wherein lies the trouble? I have this suggestion to make: Ask the owners to advertise them in the *Farmer*, and they will be taken up in short order. Numbers of young men here are renting these old worn out farms who would be glad to secure farms in better localities for farming. And there are lots of us young men here in Massachusetts who would be glad to take farms in Maine on reasonable terms, and make homes instead of hiring a tenement. I had among my workmen last season six, strong, active young men who would have been glad to get back to "father's house on the farm." The most of them had got the "hayseed" all out of their hair but could not keep it from sprouting in their hearts. And I find it is so in other places in this State, and others must find it, as I do, in their experience. So, Mr. Editor, for the good of "Our home, (Maine) our country and our brother man," ask the owners of those farms to advertise them that all may be benefited thereby.

Oxford, Mass. J. F. HOWARD.

For the Maine Farmer.

SACO & BIDEFORD CREAMERY.

Mr. Editor: The Saco & Biddeford Creamery is a stock company with a capital stock of \$20,000. Enough of the stock has been sold to build what has been called the best creamery building in the State, and equip it with the best machinery possible for the creamery business, consisting in part of a No. 1 Turbine Alpha separator, two 200 gallon cream vats, a 400 gallon Reid churn, and Fargo butter worker. We commenced operations the 28th of May, and have since been running very successfully. We receive nothing but the milk, which we separate, and after supplying this market with cream, convert the balance into butter, which finds a ready market at home. Our butter has sold at wholesale for 26 cents per pound, not going below that price for the season.

Since starting we have received, on an average, 250 cans of two gallons each per day. The cans are owned by the creamery, and kept clean. We buy the milk at the farmer's door, having collectors to pick it up, our price for the year being 24 cents per can of two gallons at the farm. This is a good farming country about here, and the outlook is very encouraging for a first class creamery business.

CHAS. B. BERRY, Manager.

For the Maine Farmer.

FARM NOTES.

Mr. Editor: The outlook for farmers is discouraging in Vassalboro and Winslow for we have not had any rain for several weeks; showers all around us but none of them hit us except a light sprinkle. Crops of every description are withering and drying. Last spring's seeding to grass is a total failure, the seed if sown, did not come up, and in not one acre of newly seeded ground is there to be seen a spear of grass. I have several acres that I prepared in different ways, with intention of determining the best way to seed down ground; but all alike are a total failure, not a particle of grass from the new seeding is to be seen. It was all seeded without grain. Now the question is what to do with the land. The ground is too dry to work now, and it will soon be too late to fall seed. Apples are a failure.

H. G. ABBOTT.

Maine Farmer.

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Alvord Grange Fair—At North Kennebec, Oct. 4th and the evening of the 5th.
 Aroostook County Society—At Houlton, Sept. 20th and 21st.
 Androscoggin Valley Agricultural Society—At Canton, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Androscoggin County Society—At Livermore Falls, Aug. 22d, 23d and 24th.
 Baldwin and Sebago Lake View Association—At East Sebago, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Bethel Agricultural Society—At Bethel, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Cumberland County Agricultural Society—At Gorham, Sept. 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th.
 Cumberland Farmers Club—August 22d, 23d and 24th.
 Durham Agricultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 20th and 21st.
 East Edgemoor Farmers Club—At East Edgemoor, Sept. 27th and 28th.
 Eastern Maine State Agricultural Society—At Bangor, Aug. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 East Somerset Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 19th and 20th.
 Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Farmington, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 Gray Park Association—At Gray, Aug. 29th, 30th and 31st.
 Hancock County Fair—At Blue Hill, Sept. 6th and 7th.
 Kennebec County Agricultural Society—At Readfield, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 Lincoln County Agricultural Society—At Damariscotta, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 Maine State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 6th, 7th and 8th.
 North Aroostook Society—At Presque Isle, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th.
 North Franklin Agricultural Society—At Phillips, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 North Knox Agricultural Society—At Union, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 North Penobscot Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Springfield, Sept. 20th and 21st.
 North Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Harrison, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 North Oxford Agricultural Society—At Andover, Sept. 27th and 28th.
 Oxford County Agricultural Society—On the grounds between Paris and Norway, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th.
 Ossipee Valley Fair Association—At Cornish, August 29th, 30th and 31st.
 Penobscot and Aroostook Agricultural Society—At Patten, Sept. 6th and 7th.
 Randolph County Agricultural Society—At Newfield, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th.
 Somerset County Agricultural Society—At Skowhegan, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th.
 Sheepskin and Action Agricultural Society—At Acorn, Oct. 1st, 12th and 13th.
 Sanford Agricultural Society—At Sanford, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 South Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Windsor, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Sagadahoc Agricultural Society—At Scarborough, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Scarborough and Cape Elizabeth Farmers Association—At Scarborough, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Waldo County Agricultural Society—At Belknap, Sept. 20th and 21st.
 Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—At their grounds in June, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Washington County Agricultural Society—At Cherryfield, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Washington Central Agricultural Society—At Machias, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 West Aroostook Agricultural Society—At Fryeburg, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 West Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Eustis, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22nd.
 West Cumberland Agricultural Society—At York County Agricultural Society—At Biddeford, Sept. 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd.

PLAIN CHICKEN TALK.

BY FANNY FIELD.

The average farmer who does not care to raise more than two or three hundred chickens each year, does not need an incubator and brooder any more than a hen needs a fifth toe. And it would be well for those who are starting in the poultry business with the intention of making a "big thing" of it, to stick to the natural process of hatching until the business gets so large that it is impossible to get setting hens enough to do the work in season.

Now I will come right to the business of setting the hen. "Everybody knows how to set a hen!" Perhaps so, and perhaps not. Some overdo the business, "fuss" too much, and others don't take pains enough; not all hit the happy medium.

To begin with, be sure that your hen wants to set, i. e., let the setting fever get a good grip on her before you trust her with the eggs that you desire to have transformed into chickens. Don't let her set where the other hens can bother her, but where she is alone where she can sit undisturbed by the tumult and din of the rest of the poultry world. Have the new nest ready and move the hen after dark. Shut her in the nest until she gets used to it, and will go back to it after her meals, letting her sit on nest eggs only until you are sure she will stay. Our way has been to have a separate room for sitters, put the hen on after dark, shut her in the nest until after dark the next evening, then remove the board in front of the nest. In nine cases out of ten the hen comes off the nest morning at feeding time, eats with the others, and returns to her nest just as if she had chosen that particular spot to begin with. If she does that—settles down in a contented fashion—you may be sure she will stick to business, and you can trust her with the "eggs for hatching." But if she should not return to her nest in due season, put her back with a little fuss as possible, and fasten her in another day and night. At the end of that time she will either accept the situation or give up the job of sitting. A good deal of your success in moving her and inducing them to sit where you want them to depends upon your previous management. If you have kept your hens named you can do about as you please with them.

Guard against lice by having a clean nest to begin with, dusting the hen thoroughly when she begins to sit, again ten days later, and to more three days before the chicks are due. If this part of the work is thoroughly done, the sitters' room kept clean as it should be, and a dust bath provided where the sitters can dust themselves when they take a notion that way, I should be perfectly willing to offer ten cents a piece for every loose nit found on the newly hatched chicks or the mother hen.

Feed and water the sitters regularly every day, and do it about the same time each day. The food should be grain, chiefly corn, and the drink water. While the hens are off for their food, look to the nests and see that everything is all right. If any nest should have a broken egg in it, the other eggs daubed, etc., the soiled eggs must be washed and new nesting put in.

When the hens are all back on their nests, remove the food that is left, so the hens may not be tempted to leave the nests again during the day. If any of the hens stay on their nests at feeding time, don't bother yourself to take them off. Hens usually know when they are hungry, and if now and then a hen chooses to eat only every other day, let her follow her own inclination. There is not the slightest danger of her starving. Beyond this necessary care of the sitters, let them alone. Don't be fussing around

HOW TO MAKE A SMALL COLD STORAGE ROOM.

Make a room of the required dimensions and have three to six dead air spaces on all sides and ceiling. Make these spaces by first setting up 2x4s against the walls and on the other side and end, and cover these with best quality water proof building paper, lapping paper on studs. Then nail one-inch strips on the studs over the paper, and put over these another course of paper and continue with the strips and paper until you have the required number of spaces, leaving at most convenient place an opening for a door and a smaller one for putting in ice. Cell top and sides with flooring. About two feet from top put in a series of joists (2x4) will probably be strong enough) and cover with boards, leaving a four-inch space all around. Put a strong rim or band around the edges and then make a galvanized iron pan fit on inside to hold the ice, giving a slight incline to one corner, to connect with a tube to carry off the water as the ice melts. Hang closely fitting double doors—that is, doors built up with several air spaces like the sides—to the openings. Whitewash all interior wood work. And this is all, unless experience should prove that a small ventilator at top would be an improvement.—Hoard's Dairyman.

FOOD FOR ALL SEASONS.

It is said that the past season witnessed the largest domestic rice crop ever grown, the Louisiana yield alone having approximated 2,000,000 bags of rough rice, but at the same time the lowest prices on record have been experienced. The previous average production of rice in Louisiana had been about 1,000,000 bags, and nothing but low prices could have been expected in a season which witnessed such an extraordinary increase of output.

We see it stated that the Michigan Board of Agriculture will this year repeat its successful last year's plan of holding a number of local institutes. There will be four of ten sessions each and twelve of five sessions. The ten session institutes last four days. Regular classes are organized and the institute really becomes a short course in scientific agriculture. This is a first-rate plan and might well be copied in other States.

A new enemy to the potato bug has been found in Chautauque County, N. Y. It is about twice as long as the potato beetle, has a thinner body. It stings the potato beetle larva in the neck, and soon destroys life. The insect has also been reported at Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y., and at Kingston, Ulster Co., in the same State.

The skill and knowledge of the farmer are not always associated in his mind with the name of the science to which it belongs. The knowledge which enables him to recognize at a glance the first leaves of any cultivated plant among the weeds is botany just as much and is more reliable than if he had learned it in the books, and the same is true of many other branches of learning that he must be skilled in; and while he may not be a master of the ceremonies of society and the most customary construction of sentences, his mind is full of knowledge which almost any other man would be proud of if he had got it in the popular way, from books.

THE WINTER TERM.

The special winter course at the Maine State College, which has now we trust come to be a regularly established thing, is a fine thing for young men who aim to become progressive agriculturists. It opens Dec. 5th, after the farm work for the year is over, and continues sixteen weeks, and is just the thing for young farmers who wish to know dairy and creamery business, the latest knowledge as to feeding stock, and a thousand and one other things that can be gained in no other way. The course last winter was a great success, and this winter ought to see a very much larger class. There is no more profitable way to spend the winter, young men. For particulars in regard to the course address Prof. Balentine, Orono, Me.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The reaper, Death, has again bereft us. Again our order is called to mourn. An honored sister has gone—has left us to join the order where crowns are worn. She has passed away from a world of sadness. She has entered the bounds of the great unknown. From this world of death to a world of gladness. Her spirit free hath in triumph flown.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has, in his infinite wisdom, removed a worthy sister, Orinda Atkinson, from our Grange to the heavenly one above. Therefore, Resolved, That by the death of Sister Atkinson we are again reminded that we have lost another of our worthy and true members, one who was always ready and willing to do the best she could for the order, and that her acquaintances have lost a true friend, and her children a devoted and affectionate mother.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted family and friends, and humbly pray that they, with us, may look beyond the shadow, and with faith in God, look forward to the hope of a reunion in the great Grange above, where broken ties are again cemented, and families are again united.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be inscribed on the records of our Grange, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased, also a copy sent to the Maine Farmer for publication, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

ELIOT FERNALD, Committee.
 RUTH SINKOFF,
 R. D. FARNALL, Resolutions.

In Memoriam.
 Again the Messenger of Death has visited our Grange, and taken from our midst Bro. Granville P. Clapp. Bro. Clapp was one of the originators of Sedgwick Grange, and always took a deep interest in the welfare of the order; therefore,

Resolved, That we, as members of Sedgwick Grange, extend our heartfelt sympathy to Sister Clapp and her children, in their bereavement.
 Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be preserved upon our books, and that a copy be sent to the family, and a copy to the Maine Farmer, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.
 Trusting that the sudden death of Bro. Clapp may be to us all a lesson, may we realize, as one by one our friends pass over, that there is a reaper whose name is Death. And with his sickle keen. He reaps the golden grain of a death. And the flowers that grow thereon.
 NELSON FRIEND, Com.
 F. P. ALLEN, Resolutions.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.
 OLD AND NEW AUGUSTA—NO. III.

A Joke at the Old Cotton Mill—The Old Jail—A Notorious Counterfeiter—A Chamber of Horrors—The Shovel Factory—Personal Notes.

BY E. B. GETCHELL.

Some time in 1855 I went to work for Mr. Orrin Williamson who was largely engaged in the manufacturing of sashes and blinds, up at the dam. I boarded with my cousin on Laurel street. The residents of that locality were made miserable by the dark and evil deeds of a boy who later in life dropped the infamous business of tormenting people. His name was Jim, then, now he is rich and is one of Hyde Park's, Mass., best citizens. Mr. Walker moved from Windsor and opened a boarding house up near the old gas house. Mrs. Walker was a "smart" woman and kept her husband on the run most of the time. A shut down in the cotton mill for repairs, caused an exodus among the girl boarders and Mrs. Walker laid out a job for Tom, her husband, in the shape of wallpapering the front hall. He went to work in his usual lazy way, and made a pile of paste and after setting it out on the back steps to cool, went down to Frank Kinsman's drug store (Frank kept everything that was ever made then) to buy a paste brush, and to borrow a pair of barber's shears to trim the hangings. Jim, who was out in his mother's yard cleaning a gun, saw the man and the paste, and the opportunity of doing a fell piece of business, and his countenance beamed with intelligence as he slipped around to Mr. Holway's market and getting a pound of lead charged to his mother, returned to the house and rushing into the hall of paste, sneaked away like the mean thing he was. Thomas Haines' tavern several times to drink October beer) and went to bed at night so tired he couldn't say "Rufus Richardson." The paper on the wall didn't seem to dry, but looked dirty, and on the third day it commenced crawling down on to the hat rack and down on to the staircase and over against a picture of George Washington and down, even down on to the hall floor. Mr. Walker went out on the piazza and lifting up his voice, railed at his misfortune, and Jim paused at his work of sawing slabs and harkening to the railings, snickered. Thomas suspected the bad boy and by dogging him around in a sly way he gathered proof enough to satisfy himself at least that he was on the right track and he "whaled" the rascally lad severely. The boy was a great favorite of his aunt, who lived up the yard and who defended him and she scoured Thomas with hot language till the poor man was glad to get out of the neighborhood and away from a tongue which female malice can make so sharp.

The old jail, which was long ago torn down, I remember very distinctly—its lofty and frowning walls reeking with the damp, and pierced by grated windows suggestive of misery and crime, and all the attending woes that make dark the life of the offender of the laws of his country. It was in the old jail that Horace Bonney, the notorious counterfeiter, lingered for many months previous to his last trial at Augusta. Father was one of the jurors in that somewhat celebrated case. Bonney was acquitted, and left old Kennebec county in such haste that he didn't have time to thank the sharp and witty lawyers who had pulled him out of a very bad scrape, and he never came back again. There was a sort of chamber of horrors up in the loft of this terror-inspiring prison, where all the grim and hideous machinery used in the punishing and strangling of malefactors was housed away. Many times I have gone up the dismal staircase, and looked through the foul and foggy window into the small room in which that terrible engine of death, the gallows, was piled. It was on the scaffold that the wretched house-burner and wife-poisoner, Sager, was hanged; how many years ago I am unable to say; I have listened many a time (with hair erect, and scared and shivering as only a boy can be scared,) to the gruesome stories and wild tales told by some of the old men in my neighborhood who witnessed the execution. The street on which the old county jail stood, running from State street to Water street, as I remember, was a rough and dangerous thoroughfare, very steep, and belted by deep trenches down which rushed the surface waters with noisy roar into the river when the heavy rain came. Over these gullies plank sidewalks were laid on springy timbers which swayed and swung under the tread of the passersby. If I am not mistaken in the geographical lines of that locality, there were no buildings on this street from State to Water, vacant lots overgrown with a wilderness of rank weeds fringing both sides.

C. D. Fessenden, proprietor of "Elm Cottage," is another successful farmer, at whose residence your correspondent always finds pleasant entertainment. He has raised and sold some good colts, but has conformed to the times, and is selling cream to the butter factory. J. M. Philbrook, Bethel, drover and farmer, has an excellent farm and a nice set of farm buildings on the left bank of the Androscoggin, at the mouth of Sunday river, where for years has been the headquarters of the cattle trade of Northern Oxford county. He formerly had a very large trade, both fall and spring, in "logging oxen," now his trade is more largely in cows and calves. One week last spring he sent 125 veals, and another week 120. The last week in July he was reported with 89.

C. F. Millett, Norway, has seven horses and colts, among the number his 8-year-old brood mare, from which he has bred four very nice colts, two now on hand by Messenger Wilkes. This mare weighs something more than 1100 lbs., is in condition for the market as a gentleman's driver, and for sale. Mr. F. also has a 4-year-old gelding something more than 900 lbs. A good driver, which he would like to sell.

Conquering Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

For the Maine Farmer.
 MY EXPERIENCE WITH GARDEN SEEDS.
 BY G. C. WATERMAN.

I have hoped to see something from farmers in reference to seeds for the family garden. To induce others to write on this subject, I will give my experience the present season on peas. The following varieties were planted May 9, and treated in every respect alike. Burpee's Early, a small, yellow pea, five days earlier than any other kind, but of poorer quality, yields well, pods small, holds its greenness well; grows one foot high. The American Wonder is a blue, wrinkled variety, good quality, yields well, and holds its greenness as well as any. Nott's Excelsior resembles the A. W. peas, larger, good quality, yields finely, and tastes well. Of the Stratgem I cannot speak positively, as the first growth of pods was taken by the woodchucks that lived in the stone wall near. The vines are green now, full of pods, and looks as if it is a valuable kind. Of its quality I cannot speak; vines 18 inches. Luxum's Evolution pea grows three to four feet high, full foliage, yields bountifully, large pods, well filled with large, well flavored peas, frequently nine or ten in a pod, shells easily, and holds its greenness late in the season. With these four wrinkled varieties we may have green peas on the table two months.

The ground for the early kinds should have been manured more highly to have grown a full crop. The Evolution should have substantial support, as the vines are stout and heavy, and make too much shade if planted too thickly. I hope that many farmers may give the readers of the Farmer their methods of cultivation, and the results, thus teaching us our mistakes, and pointing out the most profitable way of raising the various vegetables produced in the farmer's garden.

Backfield.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

An adult perspires twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours.

Is what Hoods' Sarsaparilla vigorously fighting, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Bow-legged men are always on a bender. Be sure and put a box of Ayer's Pills in your satchel before traveling, either by land or sea. You will find them convenient, efficacious, and safe. The best remedy for constiveness, indigestion, and sick headache, and adapted to any climate.

There are 40,000,000 dwelling houses in Europe and 11,400,000 in the United States.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

The Smithsonian Institution exhibit contains many figures representing the primitive Indians. In this grotesque exhibit is an Aztec using a drill with which he fires were made and holes were drilled in beads. A Chippewa shaman is shown in the act of writing an incantation; his attire is a real costume actually worn by these Indians.

Mr. Henderson, New York City, writes: "I had not slept for forty-eight hours; I coughed all the time; my brother bought a 10 cent bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and the first dose broke the cough, and I was better at once. After using one 75 cent bottle I was cured. I have no hesitation in recommending it."

The theory of Jones, the English scientist, is that the earth is a huge balloon, and that it will finally collapse as the result of drilling for natural gas.

Wives, if you see that your husbands are being destroyed by the Tobacco, Liquor or Opium Habit, buy Hill's Child of Gold Tablets. Administered in tea or coffee, they are imperceptible and effect a speedy, permanent cure. All druggists sell them.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills! They will positively cure it. People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Be sure you're right, then agree with your wife.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Man, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Australian railroads employ 3,000 women.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, cures his colic, loosens his bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Massachusetts makes 60 per cent. of our shoes.

Pensions.

The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

ORIGINAL.

Wm. Coolbroth, Anthony N. Greely, Cyrus A. Green, Stephen Bickford, Wm. A. Harding, Lemuel Tracy, John I. Gilman, James C. Russell, Paul Sidelow, Charles H. Engle, Jane M. Lord, widow, Edward Lacey.

REISSUE.

George W. Lamb, George E. Snow, James McCallie, Isaiah Grinter, John Shaw, Sophia Basford, Nellie F. Johnson, mother, Susan J. Fairbanks, mother, Mary V. Parsons, mother, Bridget McCollier, mother, Lois P. Robinson, mother, Mary F. Clark, mother.

INCREASE.

Ethan E. Maxwell, Everett Young, William W. Leighton, Alfred B. Wyman, Charles M. Dooler.

In one of the large cities of the Northwest the King's Daughters have found a new way of working. They have fitted up several attractive rooms, and during the noon hour cash girls, clerks and other working girls are welcome to take their lunches there. Cozy tables are prepared where two or three or half a dozen may spread their eatables, and for a cent a cup of milk or coffee may be had.

The newest way of preserving furs from moths and buffalo bugs is to put them in a cold storage vault built for the purpose.

For the Maine Farmer.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH GARDEN SEEDS.

I have hoped to see something from farmers in reference to seeds for the family garden. To induce others to write on this subject, I will give my experience the present season on peas. The following varieties were planted May 9, and treated in every respect alike. Burpee's Early, a small, yellow pea, five days earlier than any other kind, but of poorer quality, yields well, pods small, holds its greenness well; grows one foot high. The American Wonder is a blue, wrinkled variety, good quality, yields well, and holds its greenness as well as any. Nott's Excelsior resembles the A. W. peas, larger, good quality, yields finely, and tastes well. Of the Stratgem I cannot speak positively, as the first growth of pods was taken by the woodchucks that lived in the stone wall near. The vines are green now, full of pods, and looks as if it is a valuable kind. Of its quality I cannot speak; vines 18 inches. Luxum's Evolution pea grows three to four feet high, full foliage, yields bountifully, large pods, well filled with large, well flavored peas, frequently nine or ten in a pod, shells easily, and holds its greenness late in the season. With these four wrinkled varieties we may have green peas on the table two months.

The ground for the early kinds should have been manured more highly to have grown a full crop. The Evolution should have substantial support, as the vines are stout and heavy, and make too much shade if planted too thickly. I hope that many farmers may give the readers of the Farmer their methods of cultivation, and the results, thus teaching us our mistakes, and pointing out the most profitable way of raising the various vegetables produced in the farmer's garden.

Backfield.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

An adult perspires twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours.

Is what Hoods' Sarsaparilla vigorously fighting, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Bow-legged men are always on a bender. Be sure and put a box of Ayer's Pills in your satchel before traveling, either by land or sea. You will find them convenient, efficacious, and safe. The best remedy for constiveness, indigestion, and sick headache, and adapted to any climate.

There are 40,000,000 dwelling houses in Europe and 11,400,000 in the United States.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

The Smithsonian Institution exhibit contains many figures representing the primitive Indians. In this grotesque exhibit is an Aztec using a drill with which he fires were made and holes were drilled in beads. A Chippewa shaman is shown in the act of writing an incantation; his attire is a real costume actually worn by these Indians.

Mr. Henderson, New York City, writes: "I had not slept for forty-eight hours; I coughed all the time; my brother bought a 10 cent bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and the first dose broke the cough, and I was better at once. After using one 75 cent bottle I was cured. I have no hesitation in recommending it."

The theory of Jones, the English scientist, is that the earth is a huge balloon, and that it will finally collapse as the result of drilling for natural gas.

Wives, if you see that your husbands are being destroyed by the Tobacco, Liquor or Opium Habit, buy Hill's Child of Gold Tablets. Administered in tea or coffee, they are imperceptible and effect a speedy, permanent cure. All druggists sell them.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills! They will positively cure it. People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Be sure you're right, then agree with your wife.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Man, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Australian railroads employ 3,000 women.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, cures his colic, loosens his bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Massachusetts makes 60 per cent. of our shoes.

Pensions.

The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

ORIGINAL.

Wm. Coolbroth, Anthony N. Greely, Cyrus A. Green, Stephen Bickford, Wm. A. Harding, Lemuel Tracy, John I. Gilman, James C. Russell, Paul Sidelow, Charles H. Engle, Jane M. Lord, widow, Edward Lacey.

REISSUE.

George W. Lamb, George E. Snow, James McCallie, Isaiah Grinter, John Shaw, Sophia Basford, Nellie F. Johnson, mother, Susan J. Fairbanks, mother, Mary V. Parsons, mother, Bridget McCollier, mother, Lois P. Robinson, mother, Mary F. Clark, mother.

For the Maine Farmer.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH GARDEN SEEDS.

I have hoped to see something from farmers in reference to seeds for the family garden. To induce others to write on this subject, I will give my experience the present season on peas. The following varieties were planted May 9, and treated in every respect alike. Burpee's Early, a small, yellow pea, five days earlier than any other kind, but of poorer quality, yields well, pods small, holds its greenness well; grows one foot high. The American Wonder is a blue, wrinkled variety, good quality, yields well, and holds its greenness as well as any. Nott's Excelsior resembles the A. W. peas, larger, good quality, yields finely, and tastes well. Of the Stratgem I cannot speak positively, as the first growth of pods was taken by the woodchucks that lived in the stone wall near. The vines are green now, full of pods, and looks as if it is a valuable kind. Of its quality I cannot speak; vines 18 inches. Luxum's Evolution pea grows three to four feet high, full foliage, yields bountifully, large pods, well filled with large, well flavored peas, frequently nine or ten in a pod, shells easily, and holds its greenness late in the season. With these four wrinkled varieties we may have green peas on the table two months.

The ground for the early kinds should have been manured more highly to have grown a full crop. The Evolution should have substantial support, as the vines are stout and heavy, and make too much shade if planted too thickly. I hope that many farmers may give the readers of the Farmer their methods of cultivation, and the results, thus teaching us our mistakes, and pointing out the most profitable way of raising the various vegetables produced in the farmer's garden.

Backfield.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

An adult perspires twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours.

Is what Hoods' Sarsaparilla vigorously fighting, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Bow-legged men are always on a bender. Be sure and put a box of Ayer's Pills in your satchel before traveling, either by land or sea. You will find them convenient, efficacious, and safe. The best remedy for constiveness, indigestion, and sick headache, and adapted to any climate.

There are 40,000,000 dwelling houses in Europe and 11,400,000 in the United States.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

The Smithsonian Institution exhibit contains many figures representing the primitive Indians. In this grotesque exhibit is an Aztec using a drill with which he fires were made and holes were drilled in beads. A Chippewa shaman is shown in the act of writing an incantation; his attire is a real costume actually worn by these Indians.

Mr. Henderson, New York City, writes: "I had not slept for forty-eight hours; I coughed all the time; my brother bought a 10 cent bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and the first dose broke the cough, and I was better at once. After using one 75 cent bottle I was cured. I have no hesitation in recommending it."

</

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday,
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1893.

TERMS.

\$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.50 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in Franklin County.
Mr. J. W. KILGORE is now calling upon our
subscribers in Washington and Hancock
counties.

The crop report of the Department of
Agriculture for the month of August
makes the condition of cotton 80.4, a de-
cline of a little over two points since last
month. This is the lowest average for
August ever given out by the department.

Within three or four years two towns
in Oxford county have voted at their an-
nual meeting to assess no tax, but to pay
their State and county taxes and running
expenses for the current year with the
surplus in their Treasury.

There was quite a scare in New York
last week when it was known that the
steamer Karamania had had several
fatal cases of cholera on the passage,
and that several more were down with
it. The latest report is that there have
been no new cases and no more deaths,
and that all the patients except four
were convalescent. Every precaution is
taken to prevent the spread of the dread
disease.

When Secretary Herbert, of the Navy
was in Bath recently, he inquired who
the head joiner on the gunboat Machias
had been, saying that he wanted to see
him. So Foreman William H. Melcher
was sent for. After being introduced
the Secretary told Mr. Melcher that he
had sent for him to personally compli-
ment him on the work on the Machias
under his supervision, saying that it was
better than that on any other vessel in
the navy, the best he ever had seen.

The reservoir inquest in Portland has
been productive of but little good. The
ruin at the break was so complete that
all evidence tending to show what actual-
ly happened was destroyed. The ex-
perts can do nothing, therefore, but
theorize. Of the theories so far pre-
sented, that of the disarrangement or
cracking of the pipes by the frost ap-
pears the most plausible, and yet it may
be that frosts had nothing to do with it,
and that the true explanation has not
been thought of.

The great labor trouble at the 29th and
33d street Carnegie mills, which resulted
so disastrously more than a year ago,
has terminated. It is reliably reported
that an amicable settlement of difficul-
ties will be effected and many hundred
men who joined in the sympathy strike
of 1892 will resume their places. The
men Friday night decided to declare the
strike off, and a petition was drawn up
to be presented to the Carnegie officials,
asking for the removal of the ban and
that they be permitted to take their old
positions in the mill.

One important result of the temporary
suspension of labor in our leading man-
ufacturing towns, is the exodus of foreign
laborers to the country whence they
came, and where it is hoped they may
remain. The Philadelphia papers note
a great rush of Italians and Poles from
the iron and coal regions of Pennsylvania
to that city, where they are taking
passage back across the water. The
average number of departures of Poles
from that port alone of late has been
between 100 and 200 daily, and the num-
ber of Italians is still larger.

The imports of gold into this country
last week reached the sum of \$13,954,
911. It came from England, France,
Germany, Cuba and South America. It
is known that within the past two
weeks twenty-two millions were drawn
from the bank of England for shipment
to this country, and it is supposed that
some eighteen millions more are on its
way here. The export movement from
Germany does not admit of so close
measurement, but we feel safe in reckon-
ing that at least \$4,000,000 is on ship-
board. In addition, a shipment of \$1,
000,000 by La Touraine was reported
from Havre on Saturday, and a further
sum of \$800,000 is coming from Havana
in the Yucatan. Here is a supply of
between \$20,000,000 and \$24,000,000 gold
to be reckoned upon, all of which may
be expected within the next ten days.
Adding this amount to the gold received
last week, we get the enormous aggre-
gate of \$37,000,000 poured upon our
thirsty money market in a period of per-
haps seventeen days.

The letters of Phillips Brooks to his
little niece, published in August "Centu-
ry," show that the great preacher had
an essentially childlike heart. Once,
when in Europe, he wrote as follows:
"I am going to answer your beautiful
letter, which traveled all the way to
London, and was delivered here by a post-
man, with a red coat, two or three weeks
ago. He looked very proud when he
came in, as if he knew that he had a beau-
tiful letter in this bundle, and all the peo-
ple in the street stood aside to make way
for him, that the Toot's letter might not
be delayed." And once while in Denver,
he sent the following to the same little
girl: "When I got here last night I
found the hotel man very much excited
and running about waving a beautiful
letter in the air and crying aloud, 'A let-
ter from Toot!' A letter from Toot!"
He was just going to get out a band of
music to march around the town and
look for the man to whom the letter be-
longed, when I stepped up and told him
I thought it was meant for me. He
made me show him my name in my hat
before he would give it to me, and then
a great crowd gathered round and listen-
ed while I read it."

THE CELEBRATION AT MACHIAS.

A notable event at Machias on the 11th
was the visit of the new war ship of the
same name to that place, and the cele-
bration of the naval engagement fought
there at the breaking out of the war for
independence. The day was excessively
hot but a large crowd gathered and
everything was carried out according to
programme. Among those present were
Governor Cleaves and several members
of the Council. It was expected that
Senator Hale and Congressman Boutelle
would be present, but the extra sessions
kept them in Washington. The chief
persons who arranged for this celebra-
tion and who brought it to a successful
issue were Hon. J. C. Ames, George W.
Drisko, Geo. W. Kenniston, Edward B.
Curtis and Geo. D. Perry.

The President of the day and master
of ceremonies was Hon. Harrison Hume
of Boston, but a native of Washington
County. His remarks were able and
were received with tumultuous applause.
He referred to the cruiser Machias: "To-
day in yonder harbor, like a bird upon
the water, sits the latest accession to
your navy, and to the capture of the
Margaretta as 'the Lexington of the
war.'" Mr. Hume then called Governor
Cleaves who said:

"I met an old soldier upon the street
a few days ago. He enlisted when he
was 40 years of age and is now eighty
years old. Said he: 'Henry, I am glad
to see you. You are pretty well pre-
served but there are only a few of us
left.' I thank you for your cordial
greeting and accept it as a tribute to the
great State of Maine. In the name of
the commonwealth I bring to you full
recognition on the part of our people,
of enduring hardships, of brave men who
established on our soil institutions of
liberty and permanent government. The
people of Machias have kept the
fires of patriotism burning brightly
through the years since '76. I need not
eulogize these people because their deeds
are written in history. I need not
pronounce an eulogy upon the State,
for her six hundred and fifty thousand
people speak for themselves. While we
have respect for sons who have earned
fame and wealth in other common-
wealths, yet we must remember that
no longer is 'go west young man,'
advice to give our children."

After a glowing tribute to the schools
and financial institutions of Maine which
have stood firm in these times of panic,
Governor Cleaves said: "In the name of
the people of Maine, I bring to you, Mr.
Commander and officers of the Machias,
the good will and good feeling of our
people. I know the old flag is safe in
your hands, and that you will uphold
the dignity of our nation."

Machias hospitality was pretty severely
taxed, but it was equal to the occasion,
as it always is. The banquet was a stu-
pendous affair, and around the ample
and well spread tables assembled the
yeomanry of all the country round.
Capt. Train of the Machias made a brief
speech, and was followed by Col. John
F. Lynch who spoke for the town of Ma-
chias. Other toasts offered and re-
sponded to were: "Col. Jeremiah
O'Brien," Rev. H. F. Harding; "Hannah
Weston," Geo. W. Drisko; "Patriotic
Machias," Geo. E. Goggin, Esq.; "Col.
Benj. Foster," Hon. John C. Talbot;
"Patriotism and Christianity," Rev. T.
J. Wright. A model of the cruiser in
pinks and evergreen was elevated at one
end of the banquet hall. Flags and ever-
green completed the decoration of the hall.

In the early evening there were band
concerts and fireworks. Later in the
evening Gov. Cleaves and Henry Bowles,
Esq., addressed the local post of the
Grand Army in the square in front of the
Eastern Hotel. At eight o'clock there
was a reception at Libby Hall to the
Governor and the officers of the Machias,
after which the massive silver bowl was
presented to the cruiser by Dr. Henry H.
Smith, and a graceful response was made
by Capt. Train. The ball commenced
at ten o'clock, the grand march being
led by Hon. John C. Ames, member of
the State senate. It was a brilliant af-
fair, the presence of the governor and
officers of the vessel adding great inter-
est to the occasion. On Saturday there
was a reception on board the Machias,
which commenced at eight o'clock and
continued through the day. The officers
were delighted with their visit to Ma-
chias, and were deeply impressed with
the hospitalities tendered them.

The affair which these exercises were
intended to commemorate took place on
the twelfth day of June, 1775. The news
of the affair at Concord and Lexington
had reached Machias, which had then
been settled about thirteen years and
was a thriving little hamlet. About this
time one Captain Jones came down from
Boston with provision for the settlers,
on condition with the British authorities
that he should carry back a load of lum-
ber to build barracks for soldiers then
in possession of Boston. The Margaretta,
an armed schooner commanded by Lieut.
Moore, came as convoy to the ship and to
insure its return with the much needed
lumber. The settlers at Machias watched
the armed schooner with great interest,
and a consultation was held by Jeremiah
O'Brien, Benj. Foster and others, result-
ing in a unanimous vote to attack the
Margaretta. This determination was
sent to the scattering settlers on the
tenth, the preliminaries were agreed upon
on the eleventh, the battle fought June
12, 1775, five days before that of Bunker
Hill and one year and twenty-two days
before the Declaration of Independence
was made public, July 4, 1776. The
first surrender of a naval flag by the
British crown was at Machias on that
June 12th, being the first battle and first
naval victory of the Revolution.

The battle was fought beside a small
brook near the original Morris O'Brien
house. There was considerable dis-
cussion as to how to attack, which be-
came tedious to Col. Foster, who leaped
across the brook and inviting all to follow
him. When the time came, not a man
flinched. The day was the Sabbath,
and it was known that Lieut. Moore
of the Margaretta and his officers were
attending church on shore. It was a
warm day and the church windows were

open, and Lieut. Moore espied Foster's
band crossing a foot bridge that led
from Dublin Mill island to Single Mill
island. The officer hopped out of the
window, made a break for White's point
on board. Then they weighed anchor and
dropped down below the narrows, just
sending the cheerful intelligence to the
inhabitants that if they molested Jones'
vessels the town would be fired upon.
But Foster, O'Brien and the others made
ready the sloop Unity, and with forty
men, provided with a few chairs of
powder and ball for twenty fowling
pieces, thirteen pitchforks and a dozen
axes. The plan was to put the Unity
alongside the Margaretta and carry the
latter by boarding.

Lieut. Moore saw the sloop approach-
ing and ordered it back, threatening if
they persisted to fire upon them, but
they kept on, came alongside, sprang
on board and the contest was soon over.
Four persons were killed on board the
Margaretta, one being Lieut. Moore in
command. Of the citizens, one was
killed, one mortally and three badly
wounded.

It was a gallant affair, and one, the
memory of which, is well worth per-
petuating. It was in memory of this
achievement that the iron cruiser which
visited the old town on this occasion,
was named, and the career of the vessel
will be watched with great interest by
the people of Machias. After the cap-
ture of the Margaretta, she was fitted up
as a privateer, and sailed as such by
Capt. John O'Brien, but being chased
into a cove near Jonesport, to prevent
her being retaken, she scuttled and sank
her.

EXTRA SESSIONS OF CONGRESS.

Since the adoption of the Constitution
of the United States, in 1787, there have
been eleven extra sessions of Congress
held, the one in session now being the
twelfth. The first was called by Presi-
dent John Adams, in 1797, on account of
trouble with France. The American
minister had been expelled, and orders
had been issued by the Directory for
deportations on American commerce.
The second was called by President
Jefferson, in 1803, the occasion being
the secretcession of Louisiana to France
by the King of Spain. The third was
also called by Jefferson, in 1807, on
account of the attack of the English
ship Leopard upon the Chesapeake, the
question being the right of search of
American vessels, claimed by England.

The next, or fourth, was called by
President Madison, in 1811, on account
of our disturbed relations with England
and France, the War of 1812 being the
outcome. The next was called by Mad-
ison, in 1814, to provide the "sinecure
of war," for the prosecution of the war
then going on. The next was called by
President Van Buren, in 1837, on ac-
count of the suspension of specie pay-
ment. An issue of ten millions in
treasury notes was authorized, the dis-
tribution of internal revenue among the
States was stopped, and other economic
measures put in operation. The next
extra session was called by President
Harrison, in 1841, to act upon financial
matters. Harrison died, and the session
was barren of important results. The
34th Congress was called in extra session
by President Pierce, because at a pre-
vious session it had failed to make an
appropriation for the army. The next
was called by Abraham Lincoln, in 1861,
on account of the breaking out of the
War of the Rebellion.

The next one was called by President
Hayes, in 1877, on account of failure to
make appropriations for the support of
the army at the previous session. Presi-
dent Hayes again called an extra
session, in 1879, because of the failure
at the previous session to make appro-
priations for legislative, executive, judi-
cial and army purposes.

The present session was called to take
into consideration the financial condi-
tion of the country, and to consider
some measures of relief. The extra
sessions have heretofore either uniform-
ly, or nearly so, performed the duties
for which they were called, and acted
with promptness, and it is hoped the
present one will not be an exception to
the rule. There is great need of prompt
and speedy action.

The decision of the Court of Arbitra-
tion on the Behring sea case which is
given in another place, while not what
we hoped, is perhaps fully as favorable
as we had reason to expect. There is a
definite and material gain for American
interests in that by this decision a close
season is established, to begin May 1st,
and to continue until July 21st, this sea-
son to be observed not only in Behring
sea, but also in the North Pacific Ocean.
A protected zone, extending for sixty
miles around the Pribyloff islands, is es-
tablished, and pelagic sealing is allowed
in Behring sea outside this zone only
after Aug. 1st, and in such sealing the
use of firearms is prohibited. This de-
cision, giving, as it does, very full,
if not the fullest desired, protection
to American sealing interests, natu-
rally meets with the approval of the
American arbitrators, who have already
expressed their satisfaction. It is the
peaceful settlement of what at one time
seemed a menacing issue, threatening a
rupture between the two great English-
speaking nations. It is another victory
for arbitration as a method of settling
international difficulties.

Work on the granite for the General
Grant memorial tomb at Riverside Park,
New York, is now rapidly progressing
at the North Jay quarries of the Maine
and New Hampshire Granite Company.
This large job is now well under way,
about one-quarter of the stone being
ready for delivery. The Maine and New
Hampshire Granite Company intend to
rush the job until it is completed.

President A. W. Harris, the new head
of the Maine State College, will arrive at
Orono from Washington next week, and
will make himself familiar with the col-
lege, and so as to be in readiness for the
opening of the fall term. It is hoped
and believed that he will make an ex-
cellent president, as he has all the neces-
sary qualifications for the duties of that
important office.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The annual report of the State Super-
intendent of our Public Schools, con-
veys substantially the following informa-
tion:

The statistics regarding the number
and character of the schools indicate
notable improvement, and the increase
in the number having classes in the
more advanced common school branches
of instruction is referred to with satis-
faction.

All the statistics relating to school-
houses and school districts show im-
provement. The erection of new school-
buildings was mostly in towns where
they were most needed.

With the increase in school money
consequent upon the new State valuation
and the constant increase from the sav-
ings bank tax, the superintendent thinks
that within a decade the average length
of the schools will be some 30 weeks.

The whole number of scholars in the
State is 210,472, a decrease of 525; at-
tending school during the year 136,634,
decrease 4799; average registered at-
tendance 113,692, decrease 9074; average
daily attendance per term 90,191, de-
crease 12,871.

The average length of schools was 24
weeks 3 days; increase 2 weeks 2 days;
average weeks per year 116.407, increase
13.189.

Terms taught by male teachers 1557;
decrease, 53; taught by female teachers
9165; increase, 706; continued in same
school building during year, 2129; de-
crease, 220; had previous experience,
6288; increase 20; not having had pre-
vious experience, 1398; increase 352;
graduates of normal schools, 756; de-
crease, 26.

Average wages of male teachers per
month including board, \$85.75; increase
\$8.85; average wages of female teachers
per month, excluding board, \$17.32; de-
crease, \$2.4. The amount expended for
free text books was \$75,556, decrease of
\$94,458; ungraded scholars furnished with
text books, 128,485; increase 116;
schools furnished with globes,
580; increase, 48; furnished with charts
of any sort, 1646; increase, 45.

Whole number of different public
schools, 4,744, increase 123; number of
graded schools, 954; increase 116;
ungraded schools, 3789; increase 7; un-
graded having classes in history, 2589;
increase 120; having classes in physi-
ology, 2640; increase 7; having classes in
book-keeping, 1891; increase 223; having
classes in other than studies required by
law, 1244, increase 84.

Towns and plantations having unit
or town system, 151, decrease 9; school dis-
tricts in State, 3124, decrease 80; parts
of districts, 237; decrease 23; school
houses in State, 4548, increase 39; re-
ported in good condition, 3242, increase
23; built during the year, 58; cost of
same, \$63,302, decrease \$47,420; estimat-
ed value of all school property, \$3,803,
increase \$135,000.

The number of free high schools re-
mained the same as in the previous re-
port—228, but the number of weeks was
5781; an increase of 375. The number of
pupils registered was 15,884, increase
145. The average attendance was 9,100,
which is a somewhat phenomenal de-
crease of 3,727. A total of 1,027 com-
mon school teachers, an increase of 51.
The number of pupils in ancient
languages was 954, an increase of 233.

The number of teachers employed
was \$164,342, increase \$16,760; paid by towns
and districts, \$124,111, increase \$16,057;
paid from State treasury, \$40,231, in-
crease \$710.

The fact that the number of schools
remains the same as the previous year
indicates that the voluntary mainte-
nance of these schools under present local
conditions has nearly or quite reached
its maximum. The abolishment of the
district system will probably increase
their number. The decrease in average
attendance is assigned to the same cause
as in the common schools. The grade
of work done was greatly in advance of
the last year.

Regarding teachers' report says:
"While there has been an improvement
in the quantity of work performed as
measured by length, there is not a cor-
responding improvement in quality, as
indicated by the results of the examina-
tion. The character of the teachers employed
relative to those having had previous
experience, and normal school gradu-
ates. On the other hand, because of
the smaller pay for equal services com-
pared by males, it may be safely as-
sumed that the decrease in number of
terms taught by male teachers, and in-
crease in those taught by females, is in-
dicative of improvement in quality of
instruction."

Continuing he says:
"Almost one-fifth of the teachers em-
ployed were without previous experience,
and a very small percentage were qual-
ified by study or training to instruct on
the subjects which they were called
upon to teach, and their knowledge of
these subjects is questioned in many
cases. The employment of incompetent
teachers is a serious defect in our sys-
tem."

"Few of our schools, and notably of
our rural schools, are furnished with the
necessary appliances to aid in instruc-
tion. Every rural school room should
have at least a globe, a series of outline
charts, and a series of reading charts,
or charts for teaching penmanship, for
teaching physiology and hygiene, for
drill in rapid work in arithmetic, and
for instruction in civil government."

There are too many schools. The
average pupils per school is 25. There are
probably between 1000 and 1200 schools
whose enrollment was twelve or less,
and a careful investigation running
over the past year has shown that be-
tween 600 or 800 schools could be
abolished without detriment. No
school of less than 20 pupils can be of
the highest efficiency. When schools
are so small, it is impossible to secure
such schools it should be done.

"The school houses are not what they
should be, and the statistics show that
one-fourth are not in suitable condition.
The local management and direction
of the schools is not at its highest prac-
tice. It should be intelligent
and vigilant. The large wastes in school
expenditures," Mr. Luce says, "are of
two sorts. First, there is a loose waste
in the legally warranted but reprehensi-
ble use of school moneys for the repair
of school buildings."

The law allows 10 per cent. of the
school funds for repairs and the custom
has grown up of using the full 10 per
cent. and sometimes more, for extensive
general repairs, while it was only intend-
ed to make small and incidental repairs.
Last year \$72,643 of the school money
was thus used—a sum sufficient if de-
voted to legitimate use, to add a week and
three days to the average length of the
schools. The other large waste is found
in the support of unnecessary schools."

To cure some of the defects the Super-
intendent recommends the enactment of
a compulsory attendance law which shall
be a true law as well, and define more
sharply the parent's duty. The remedy
for more of the other defects is found in
the abolishment of the district system
which was brought about by the last
Legislature.

THE BEHRING SEA CASE.

The decision of the arbitration tri-
bunal has been made public. All points
involving exclusive jurisdiction have been
decided against the United States. That
is to say, the tribunal has decided:

First—That Russia did not assert and
exercise exclusive jurisdiction in Behring
Sea and over the seal fisheries therein
prior to the cession of Alaska to the
United States.

Second—That consequently Great
Britain never conceded any such rights
to Russia.

Third—That Behring Sea was not in-
cluded in the phrase Pacific Ocean, as
used in the treaty of 1825 between Great
Britain and Russia.

Fourth—Consequently no exclusive
rights of jurisdiction over Behring Sea
and over the seal fisheries therein passed
to the United States with Alaska under
the treaty of 1867.

A protected zone is established to begin
May 1st and to continue until July 21st.
This closed season shall be observed in
the Behring Sea. A protected zone is
established extending for 60 miles
around the islands. Pelagic sealing is
allowed outside the zone in Behring Sea
from August 1st. The use of firearms in
sealing is prohibited.

The following regulations were estab-
lished by the majority of the Behring
arbitrators, Mr. Harlan and Sir John
Thompson dissenting:

Article 1. The United States and
Great Britain shall forbid their citizens
and subjects respectively to kill, capture
or pursue at any time or in any manner,
animals commonly called fur seals, with-
in a zone of 60 geographical miles around
Pribyloff islands, inclusive of the terri-
torial waters.

Article 2. The two governments shall
forbid their citizens or subjects to kill,
capture or pursue seals in the manner
described in Article 1, during the periods
each year, from May 1st to July 31st in-
clusive, fur seals on the high sea in the
Pacific Ocean inclusive of Behring Sea,
situated north of the 35th degree north
latitude, or eastward of the 180th degree
of longitude from Greenwich, until it strikes the water
boundary described in Article 1 of the
treaty of 1867 between the United States
and Russia, following that line up to
Behring Strait.

Article 3. During the periods in
waters in which fur sealing is allowed,
only sailing vessels shall be permitted to
carry on or take part in fur sealing op-
erations. They will be at liberty to avail
themselves of the services of licensed
or unlicensed boats propelled by paddle-
oars or sails, as are in common use as
fishing boats.

Article 4. Each sailing vessel author-
ized to carry on fur sealing must be pro-
vided with a license issued by the govern-
ment for the purpose by its government. Each
vessel so employed will be required to
carry a distinguishing flag prescribed by
its government.

Article 5. Masters of vessels engaged
in fur sealing shall enter accurately in
the official log book the date and place
of each operation, and number and sex
of seals captured daily. These entries
will be communicated by each of the two
governments to each other at the end of
each season.

Article 6. Use of nets, firearms and
explosives are forbidden in fur sealing.
This restriction will not apply to shot
guns when such are used in fishing out-
side of Behring sea, during the season
when such may lawfully be carried on.

Article 7. The two governments shall
take measures to control the fitness of
men authorized to engage in sealing.
These men shall have been proved fit to
handle with sufficient skill the weapons
by means of which seal fishing is carried
on.

Article 8. The preceding regulations
shall not apply to Indians dwelling on
the fur sealing territories of the United
States or Great Britain, carrying on fur
sealing in canoes or undecked boats,
not transported by or used in connection
with other vessels and propelled wholly
by paddle, oars and sails, and manned
by native persons, in the manner
hitherto practiced by Indians and
not employed by other persons. Pro-
vided that when so hunting in canoes
or undecked boats, the Indians shall
not hunt fur sealing outside the terri-
torial waters under contract to deliver
the skins to anybody. This exemption
is not construed to effect the municipal
law of either country, nor shall it extend
to the waters of Behring sea or the
territorial waters of either country.

Article 9. The concurrent regulations
hereby determined, with a view to the
protection and preservation of fur seals,
shall remain in force until they have
been wholly or in part abolished or
modified by common agreement between
the United States and Great Britain.
Said concurrent regulations shall be
submitted every five years to a new
examination, in order to enable both
governments to consider whether, in
the light of past experience, there is oc-
casion to make any modification thereof.

The arbitrators make a special finding
on the facts agreed upon by the agents
of both governments with reference to
the seizures of British vessels in Behring
sea, and the concurrent regulations to carry
out the findings of the arbitrators.

Justice Harlan says the general
result of the arbitration is far
in advance of anything the United States
demanded. The arbitrators, with the
tribunal are exceedingly reticent
regarding the decision and appar-
ently disappointed because it was not
more unfavorable to the United States.

While the changes in the business
and financial situation are not marked,
yet there is ground for hope that the
worst has been seen. The importations
of gold already referred to are increas-
ing the currency by large amounts, and
then there is hope that Congress may
give the country some financial legisla-
tion that will further improve the situ-
ation. The dearth of currency is no
doubt due to the fact that it is being
hoarded for speculative purposes, and
such hoarders are in a fair way of find-
ing themselves disappointed.

There will be an evening meeting
of the Maine Board of Agriculture at Park
Hall on the State Fair Grounds Wednes-
day, Sept. 6th, at 7.30 P. M., with the
following programme:
Music. Mr. A. R. Smiley and Club.
Lecture—"Rural Enterprise,"
Mr. S. T. Goodspeed.
Lecture—"Business and Farm Law,"
Hon. A. M. Spear, Pres. Maine Senate.
Solo. Mr. A. R. Smiley.

Two tramps went to the house of a
Mrs. Bean in an Illinois town, and found
a 15-year-old girl, the only person pre-
sent. They attempted to enter the yard,
when she shot the gate and told them
she would shoot them if they attempted
to open it. Disregarding the warning,
Miss Bean fired, killing one and wound-
ing the other.

CITY NEWS.

—And still that portion of Western
avenue leading over the hill remains in a
condition that is a disgrace to the city.

—Mr. W. D. Stinson spoke at the re-
union of the Fifth Maine Regiment in
Portland, last week.

—"We appropriate \$7000 for 100 miles
of roadway within the limits of the
city of Augusta," remarked Mayor
Leighton, Saturday, and Springfield,
Mass., with less miles of road appropri-
ates \$100,000.

—The United States Board of Pension
examiners organized here with Dr. G.
W. Martin of Augusta as President, Dr.
W. P. Giddings of Gardiner as Secretary,
and C. W. Taggart of Winthrop as Treasur-
er.

—Young Allen True, who has been
wanted some time as a horse thief, was
captured on Wednesday, in the woods
of Dixmont, by H. C. Hight of Fairfield.
He was brought to the jail in this city.
He had stolen three teams.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
A SEASIDE MEMORY.BY J. R. MC LAUGHLIN.
Grey waves in the gloaming breaking,
On a stretch of moonlit strand;
Loving waves that kiss so softly,
O'er and o'er the gleaming sand;
Graceful forms on the piazza
Slowly pacing to and fro;
Low, hushed voices, softly whispering
That which others may not know.From the fashion-crowded parlors,
Through the casement opened wide,
Music's strains float out to mingle
With the murmur of the tide.
Round the singer's eager listeners
Hushed in admiration throng;
With the pallor of her song.Her rare voice of rich soprano
Rises in sweet symphonies,
Strains far sweeter than the echo
Of the song of summer seas,
And her dark eyes glow with feeling—
O'er those wondrous, gleaming eyes
In whose humid depths are sleeping
Promises of Paradise!Stella, dear, do you remember
Still that blissful August time,
When we strolled from flowing goblets
Deep draughts of life's amber wine?
Think you ever of our rambles
In the far off Western skies?
When the sunset's scarlet dyes
Painted vivid, changing pictures
In the far off Western skies?Ah, those vanished, golden hours,
Still they come in dreams to me,
Till again I hear the murmur
Of the sounding summer seas,
Till again I stand beside you
Where the moon-kissed water gleams,
Mirth and music, love and laughter,
Dreamers idly dreaming dreams.Youthful days too soon are over,
Summer roses drop and bloom,
In that better by and by,
And though now no more we wander
By the sweet, salt scented sea,
The great years are surely bringing
Gifts of love to you and me.

Our Story Teller.

CONVICT ANGELICA SIMPSON.

A PRISON MATRON'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

One day afternoon in the year 1860—the heavy gates of—Prison swung slowly round and opened; not, however, to release one of its inmates, but to admit the prison warden.

She just glanced at the thick, pasty mess and no more.

"Must I—must I eat it?" she then asked in rather an imploring tone. "I am not in the least hungry, and would rather starve than eat this," she said, looking at the mess with a look of disgust.

"No, you are not compelled to eat it if it is not your wish," I answered, "only take care you don't feel faint in the night."

"Very good, my dear," she said, "I haven't the heart to touch anything just now."

"You must say 'miss' when you speak to me here," I said to her as gently as I could. "I am an officer here, and am always called 'miss'."

I was simply instructing the poor thing for her own good. She might have to do with other matrons besides myself, and then her ignorance of prison discipline would have been a source of trouble to me. I was not a harsh and disagreeable person.

She took my hint in excellent part. "I beg your pardon, miss," she said. "I did not know, but I shall remember for the future."

"Very good, Simpson; you'll soon get accustomed, I hope, to your new life. Have patience, that's all; your time will not seem so very long if you only behave yourself."

"I am the most unfortunate woman in the world," she exclaimed, actuated by an uncontrollable feeling of being, "but always alone." Certainly a person about to expiate a "first offence," and wholly new to her present surroundings.

The beautiful face attracted even callous me. It was such a contrast to the average of the prison population, so much on account of its extreme beauty, perhaps, as for the sweetness of its expression. Many pretty women had passed into my hands—I remember one girl with a Madonna-like effigy upon her forehead, and a very fresh and rosy flesh—but not one who drew me to her mesmerically as this new convict did. Besides, I had a consciousness that the face reminded me vaguely of some one—I could not tell just who, but I felt that I had seen it before. I was not a person to be easily deceived, for I had my pressing duties to attend to, and my hands and thoughts were more than full.

My first task was to enter the new-comer's name and some details respecting her in my register.

Angelica Simpson; age, twenty-three; crime, a robbery of jewels from the house in which she had been employed as governess; sentence, two years. "Not previously known to me," was the rider. Dry, unromantic facts these, and scarcely answering to my expectations. When superior looking women of the Angelica Simpson stamp came to us it was generally for different reasons, and the murder after the Betty Sorrel manner, the stabbing of men or women in fits of jealous passion, but rarely theft. The robbery of jewels appeared to me a vulgar offence, not at all in harmony with the bearing of the prisoner before me. Our matron "hair-dresser" now came forward, armed with a pair of formidable scissors, which she snapped and clicked viciously. Being wretchedly provided herself with a pair of scissors, colorless dress matting, which she called hair, she experienced a keen and spiteful delight in the performance of her tonorial duties.

"Simpson, you must sit down and have your hair cut according to rules," I said to the new convict.

These words on my part were generally the stormy petrel of a disturbance. If there is one thing more than another which drives the women mad, it is the clipping of their hair. After I uttered my command I usually girded myself for a struggle, ready to hold the prisoner down and compel her to submit to the distasteful operation. But, as regarded the new prisoner, my anxiety was needless, for she was without foundation. She merely smiled an intensely sad smile and answered:

"Very well; I am ready."

In a moment a lovely, silky, golden tress streamed down to her waist, and the matron hairdresser, with her cruel, sharp scissors, snapped away fearfully, shearing, as I thought, even more than was absolutely warranted. And in any event, I was powerless to interfere. She was supposed to understand her duties, and it was not for me to check her.

In another five minutes I had conducted her to the cell, ready for her reception; Angelica Simpson, dead to the outer world, had become one of the sheep of my own special fold.

The noise of our footsteps breaking the solemn stillness of the corridor aroused, of course, the curiosity and attention of my charges at work in their "solitaires." Certain sounds of movement told me that the advent of one more fellow creature "in trouble" was suspected by them, and that they were restless and eager to obtain a sight of her. One of them, Mary Cooper, a violent, passionate woman, convicted of robbery from the person, and who had been more than once an inmate of the jail, called me to her.

"What do you want, Cooper?" I asked, opening the door of her cell.

"Oh, if you please, miss," she answered, "the point of my needle have broken."

The woman was making canvas bags, so I looked in order to verify her statement. It was a pure fabrication; the needle was as good and strong as ever.

"How dare you trouble me in this way for nothing?" I said, indignantly. "There is nothing the matter with your needle. Go on with your work."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss," she answered, with a horrid, half-suppressed giggle. "It's all my mistake, I'm sure. There ain't nothing the matter with it, as you say."

"Silence, and go on with your work, or I shall have to report you."

"I say, miss," she added, defying all rules, "who's the noo out here, in course; one of Jenkinson's school, I daisy. Won't you tell me?"

I did my best to stop her, but her tongue was so voluble that no power on earth could have arrested its flow.

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

Our Story Teller.

CONVICT ANGELICA SIMPSON.

A PRISON MATRON'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

One day afternoon in the year 1860—the heavy gates of—Prison swung slowly round and opened; not, however, to release one of its inmates, but to admit the prison warden.

She just glanced at the thick, pasty mess and no more.

"Must I—must I eat it?" she then asked in rather an imploring tone. "I am not in the least hungry, and would rather starve than eat this," she said, looking at the mess with a look of disgust.

"No, you are not compelled to eat it if it is not your wish," I answered, "only take care you don't feel faint in the night."

"Very good, my dear," she said, "I haven't the heart to touch anything just now."

"You must say 'miss' when you speak to me here," I said to her as gently as I could. "I am an officer here, and am always called 'miss'."

I was simply instructing the poor thing for her own good. She might have to do with other matrons besides myself, and then her ignorance of prison discipline would have been a source of trouble to me. I was not a harsh and disagreeable person.

She took my hint in excellent part. "I beg your pardon, miss," she said. "I did not know, but I shall remember for the future."

"Very good, Simpson; you'll soon get accustomed, I hope, to your new life. Have patience, that's all; your time will not seem so very long if you only behave yourself."

"I am the most unfortunate woman in the world," she exclaimed, actuated by an uncontrollable feeling of being, "but always alone." Certainly a person about to expiate a "first offence," and wholly new to her present surroundings.

The beautiful face attracted even callous me. It was such a contrast to the average of the prison population, so much on account of its extreme beauty, perhaps, as for the sweetness of its expression. Many pretty women had passed into my hands—I remember one girl with a Madonna-like effigy upon her forehead, and a very fresh and rosy flesh—but not one who drew me to her mesmerically as this new convict did. Besides, I had a consciousness that the face reminded me vaguely of some one—I could not tell just who, but I felt that I had seen it before. I was not a person to be easily deceived, for I had my pressing duties to attend to, and my hands and thoughts were more than full.

My first task was to enter the new-comer's name and some details respecting her in my register.

Angelica Simpson; age, twenty-three; crime, a robbery of jewels from the house in which she had been employed as governess; sentence, two years. "Not previously known to me," was the rider. Dry, unromantic facts these, and scarcely answering to my expectations. When superior looking women of the Angelica Simpson stamp came to us it was generally for different reasons, and the murder after the Betty Sorrel manner, the stabbing of men or women in fits of jealous passion, but rarely theft. The robbery of jewels appeared to me a vulgar offence, not at all in harmony with the bearing of the prisoner before me. Our matron "hair-dresser" now came forward, armed with a pair of formidable scissors, which she snapped and clicked viciously. Being wretchedly provided herself with a pair of scissors, colorless dress matting, which she called hair, she experienced a keen and spiteful delight in the performance of her tonorial duties.

"Simpson, you must sit down and have your hair cut according to rules," I said to the new convict.

These words on my part were generally the stormy petrel of a disturbance. If there is one thing more than another which drives the women mad, it is the clipping of their hair. After I uttered my command I usually girded myself for a struggle, ready to hold the prisoner down and compel her to submit to the distasteful operation. But, as regarded the new prisoner, my anxiety was needless, for she was without foundation. She merely smiled an intensely sad smile and answered:

"Very well; I am ready."

In a moment a lovely, silky, golden tress streamed down to her waist, and the matron hairdresser, with her cruel, sharp scissors, snapped away fearfully, shearing, as I thought, even more than was absolutely warranted. And in any event, I was powerless to interfere. She was supposed to understand her duties, and it was not for me to check her.

In another five minutes I had conducted her to the cell, ready for her reception; Angelica Simpson, dead to the outer world, had become one of the sheep of my own special fold.

The noise of our footsteps breaking the solemn stillness of the corridor aroused, of course, the curiosity and attention of my charges at work in their "solitaires." Certain sounds of movement told me that the advent of one more fellow creature "in trouble" was suspected by them, and that they were restless and eager to obtain a sight of her. One of them, Mary Cooper, a violent, passionate woman, convicted of robbery from the person, and who had been more than once an inmate of the jail, called me to her.

"What do you want, Cooper?" I asked, opening the door of her cell.

"Oh, if you please, miss," she answered, "the point of my needle have broken."

The woman was making canvas bags, so I looked in order to verify her statement. It was a pure fabrication; the needle was as good and strong as ever.

"How dare you trouble me in this way for nothing?" I said, indignantly. "There is nothing the matter with your needle. Go on with your work."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss," she answered, with a horrid, half-suppressed giggle. "It's all my mistake, I'm sure. There ain't nothing the matter with it, as you say."

"Silence, and go on with your work, or I shall have to report you."

"I say, miss," she added, defying all rules, "who's the noo out here, in course; one of Jenkinson's school, I daisy. Won't you tell me?"

I did my best to stop her, but her tongue was so voluble that no power on earth could have arrested its flow.

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

Our Story Teller.

CONVICT ANGELICA SIMPSON.

A PRISON MATRON'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

One day afternoon in the year 1860—the heavy gates of—Prison swung slowly round and opened; not, however, to release one of its inmates, but to admit the prison warden.

She just glanced at the thick, pasty mess and no more.

"Must I—must I eat it?" she then asked in rather an imploring tone. "I am not in the least hungry, and would rather starve than eat this," she said, looking at the mess with a look of disgust.

"No, you are not compelled to eat it if it is not your wish," I answered, "only take care you don't feel faint in the night."

"Very good, my dear," she said, "I haven't the heart to touch anything just now."

"You must say 'miss' when you speak to me here," I said to her as gently as I could. "I am an officer here, and am always called 'miss'."

I was simply instructing the poor thing for her own good. She might have to do with other matrons besides myself, and then her ignorance of prison discipline would have been a source of trouble to me. I was not a harsh and disagreeable person.

She took my hint in excellent part. "I beg your pardon, miss," she said. "I did not know, but I shall remember for the future."

"Very good, Simpson; you'll soon get accustomed, I hope, to your new life. Have patience, that's all; your time will not seem so very long if you only behave yourself."

"I am the most unfortunate woman in the world," she exclaimed, actuated by an uncontrollable feeling of being, "but always alone." Certainly a person about to expiate a "first offence," and wholly new to her present surroundings.

The beautiful face attracted even callous me. It was such a contrast to the average of the prison population, so much on account of its extreme beauty, perhaps, as for the sweetness of its expression. Many pretty women had passed into my hands—I remember one girl with a Madonna-like effigy upon her forehead, and a very fresh and rosy flesh—but not one who drew me to her mesmerically as this new convict did. Besides, I had a consciousness that the face reminded me vaguely of some one—I could not tell just who, but I felt that I had seen it before. I was not a person to be easily deceived, for I had my pressing duties to attend to, and my hands and thoughts were more than full.

My first task was to enter the new-comer's name and some details respecting her in my register.

Angelica Simpson; age, twenty-three; crime, a robbery of jewels from the house in which she had been employed as governess; sentence, two years. "Not previously known to me," was the rider. Dry, unromantic facts these, and scarcely answering to my expectations. When superior looking women of the Angelica Simpson stamp came to us it was generally for different reasons, and the murder after the Betty Sorrel manner, the stabbing of men or women in fits of jealous passion, but rarely theft. The robbery of jewels appeared to me a vulgar offence, not at all in harmony with the bearing of the prisoner before me. Our matron "hair-dresser" now came forward, armed with a pair of formidable scissors, which she snapped and clicked viciously. Being wretchedly provided herself with a pair of scissors, colorless dress matting, which she called hair, she experienced a keen and spiteful delight in the performance of her tonorial duties.

"Simpson, you must sit down and have your hair cut according to rules," I said to the new convict.

These words on my part were generally the stormy petrel of a disturbance. If there is one thing more than another which drives the women mad, it is the clipping of their hair. After I uttered my command I usually girded myself for a struggle, ready to hold the prisoner down and compel her to submit to the distasteful operation. But, as regarded the new prisoner, my anxiety was needless, for she was without foundation. She merely smiled an intensely sad smile and answered:

"Very well; I am ready."

In a moment a lovely, silky, golden tress streamed down to her waist, and the matron hairdresser, with her cruel, sharp scissors, snapped away fearfully, shearing, as I thought, even more than was absolutely warranted. And in any event, I was powerless to interfere. She was supposed to understand her duties, and it was not for me to check her.

In another five minutes I had conducted her to the cell, ready for her reception; Angelica Simpson, dead to the outer world, had become one of the sheep of my own special fold.

The noise of our footsteps breaking the solemn stillness of the corridor aroused, of course, the curiosity and attention of my charges at work in their "solitaires." Certain sounds of movement told me that the advent of one more fellow creature "in trouble" was suspected by them, and that they were restless and eager to obtain a sight of her. One of them, Mary Cooper, a violent, passionate woman, convicted of robbery from the person, and who had been more than once an inmate of the jail, called me to her.

"What do you want, Cooper?" I asked, opening the door of her cell.

"Oh, if you please, miss," she answered, "the point of my needle have broken."

The woman was making canvas bags, so I looked in order to verify her statement. It was a pure fabrication; the needle was as good and strong as ever.

"How dare you trouble me in this way for nothing?" I said, indignantly. "There is nothing the matter with your needle. Go on with your work."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss," she answered, with a horrid, half-suppressed giggle. "It's all my mistake, I'm sure. There ain't nothing the matter with it, as you say."

"Silence, and go on with your work, or I shall have to report you."

"I say, miss," she added, defying all rules, "who's the noo out here, in course; one of Jenkinson's school, I daisy. Won't you tell me?"

I did my best to stop her, but her tongue was so voluble that no power on earth could have arrested its flow.

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

Our Story Teller.

CONVICT ANGELICA SIMPSON.

A PRISON MATRON'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

One day afternoon in the year 1860—the heavy gates of—Prison swung slowly round and opened; not, however, to release one of its inmates, but to admit the prison warden.

She just glanced at the thick, pasty mess and no more.

"Must I—must I eat it?" she then asked in rather an imploring tone. "I am not in the least hungry, and would rather starve than eat this," she said, looking at the mess with a look of disgust.

"No, you are not compelled to eat it if it is not your wish," I answered, "only take care you don't feel faint in the night."

"Very good, my dear," she said, "I haven't the heart to touch anything just now."

"You must say 'miss' when you speak to me here," I said to her as gently as I could. "I am an officer here, and am always called 'miss'."

I was simply instructing the poor thing for her own good. She might have to do with other matrons besides myself, and then her ignorance of prison discipline would have been a source of trouble to me. I was not a harsh and disagreeable person.

She took my hint in excellent part. "I beg your pardon, miss," she said. "I did not know, but I shall remember for the future."

"Very good, Simpson; you'll soon get accustomed, I hope, to your new life. Have patience, that's all; your time will not seem so very long if you only behave yourself."

"I am the most unfortunate woman in the world," she exclaimed, actuated by an uncontrollable feeling of being, "but always alone." Certainly a person about to expiate a "first offence," and wholly new to her present surroundings.

The beautiful face attracted even callous me. It was such a contrast to the average of the prison population, so much on account of its extreme beauty, perhaps, as for the sweetness of its expression. Many pretty women had passed into my hands—I remember one girl with a Madonna-like effigy upon her forehead, and a very fresh and rosy flesh—but not one who drew me to her mesmerically as this new convict did. Besides, I had a consciousness that the face reminded me vaguely of some one—I could not tell just who, but I felt that I had seen it before. I was not a person to be easily deceived, for I had my pressing duties to attend to, and my hands and thoughts were more than full.

My first task was to enter the new-comer's name and some details respecting her in my register.

Angelica Simpson; age, twenty-three; crime, a robbery of jewels from the house in which she had been employed as governess; sentence, two years. "Not previously known to me," was the rider. Dry, unromantic facts these, and scarcely answering to my expectations. When superior looking women of the Angelica Simpson stamp came to us it was generally for different reasons, and the murder after the Betty Sorrel manner, the stabbing of men or women in fits of jealous passion, but rarely theft. The robbery of jewels appeared to me a vulgar offence, not at all in harmony with the bearing of the prisoner before me. Our matron "hair-dresser" now came forward, armed with a pair of formidable scissors, which she snapped and clicked viciously. Being wretchedly provided herself with a pair of scissors, colorless dress matting, which she called hair, she experienced a keen and spiteful delight in the performance of her tonorial duties.

"Simpson, you must sit down and have your hair cut according to rules," I said to the new convict.

These words on my part were generally the stormy petrel of a disturbance. If there is one thing more than another which drives the women mad, it is the clipping of their hair. After I uttered my command I usually girded myself for a struggle, ready to hold the prisoner down and compel her to submit to the distasteful operation. But, as regarded the new prisoner, my anxiety was needless, for she was without foundation. She merely smiled an intensely sad smile and answered:

"Very well; I am ready."

In a moment a lovely, silky, golden tress streamed down to her waist, and the matron hairdresser, with her cruel, sharp scissors, snapped away fearfully, shearing, as I thought, even more than was absolutely warranted. And in any event, I was powerless to interfere. She was supposed to understand her duties, and it was not for me to check her.

In another five minutes I had conducted her to the cell, ready for her reception; Angelica Simpson, dead to the outer world, had become one of the sheep of my own special fold.

The noise of our footsteps breaking the solemn stillness of the corridor aroused, of course, the curiosity and attention of my charges at work in their "solitaires." Certain sounds of movement told me that the advent of one more fellow creature "in trouble" was suspected by them, and that they were restless and eager to obtain a sight of her. One of them, Mary Cooper, a violent, passionate woman, convicted of robbery from the person, and who had been more than once an inmate of the jail, called me to her.

"What do you want, Cooper?" I asked, opening the door of her cell.

"Oh, if you please, miss," she answered, "the point of my needle have broken."

The woman was making canvas bags, so I looked in order to verify her statement. It was a pure fabrication; the needle was as good and strong as ever.

"How dare you trouble me in this way for nothing?" I said, indignantly. "There is nothing the matter with your needle. Go on with your work."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss," she answered, with a horrid, half-suppressed giggle. "It's all my mistake, I'm sure. There ain't nothing the matter with it, as you say."

"Silence, and go on with your work, or I shall have to report you."

"I say, miss," she added, defying all rules, "who's the noo out here, in course; one of Jenkinson's school, I daisy. Won't you tell me?"

I did my best to stop her, but her tongue was so voluble that no power on earth could have arrested its flow.

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

"Silence, how do you do? I shall report you, Cooper."

"Do as you like. Don't care if you do," answered the woman savagely.

"Oh, I shall make for this, that if I don't, I'll make it hot for the noo."

Our Story Teller.

CONVICT ANGELICA SIMPSON.</

